

Advice to the Fair.

A NEW SONG.

Tune—*The Banks of the Dee.*



YE Beauties, or such as wou'd Beauties be famed,
 Lay patches, and washes, and painting aside ;
 Go, burn all the glasses that ever were framed,
 The gewgaws of fashion, and knicknacks of pride ;
 A nostrum to cull from the toilet of reason,
 'Tis easy, 'tis cheap, and 'tis ever in season,
 And pleases, if used on ev'ry occasion,
 When art has in vain her cosmetics apply'd.

Good Nature, believe me 's the smoothest of varnish
 Which ever bedimpled the beautiful cheek ;
 No time, nor no tint, can its excellence tarnish,
 It holds good so long, and it lies on so sleek ;
 'Tis more than the blush of the rose in the morning,
 The white of the Lily is not so adorning,
 All accident proof, and each scrutiny scorning ;
 'Tis ease to the witty, and wit to the weak.

'Tis surely the girdle that Venus was bound with ;
 The Graces, her handmaids, all proud put it on ;
 'Tis surely the radiance Aurora is crown'd with,
 Who, smiling, arises, and waits on the sun.
 Oh ! wear it, ye Lasses, on ev'ry occasion ;
 'Tis the noblest reproof, 'tis the strongest persuasion ;
 'Twill keep, nay, it almost retrieves reputation,
 And lasts, and looks lovely when Beauty is gone.

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.